

The Evening World.

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WHY NOT CERTIFIED WILLS?

A GAIN a jury has decided that the late Amos F. Eno was insane when he left only half of his \$13,000,000 estate to his heirs and devoted the other half to public benefactions.

Again appeal will be taken to the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court which set aside the verdict of a first jury and held that, though eccentric, Mr. Eno was capable of making a will.

More money for the lawyers, more paring down of the estate merely to determine whether its owner was mentally fit to declare how he wished to dispose of it.

The wonder is that when a rich man makes his will he doesn't attach some sort of affidavit to support the usual phrase: "I, being of sound mind."

What a deal of litigation could be saved if there were some competent, authoritative tribunal that could certify to a man's sanity at the moment he signed his will.

It is easy to understand why lawyers have never advocated anything of the sort.

But where is the enterprise and common sense of testators?

Why not certified wills?

There is widespread dissatisfaction with the modern girl. She is rapidly getting into a class with the weather.

GREEN EYED.

THE jealousy of the Hylanites crops out in strange ways.

The Vice Chairman of Mayor Hylan's Committee on Rent Profiteering says: "As a matter of justice, it should be known that the Mayor's committee was functioning in 1919, long before the Lockwood committee had come into existence."

And again:

"It was out of the vast experience obtained by the Hylan committee that the most valuable features of the Lockwood committee were obtained."

Possibly the Palm Beach-New York wario has been out of commission, due to storms. That would explain the above statement. We imagine the Mayor hoped for silence regarding the history of Hizoner's Own Committee on Rent Profiteering. Perhaps the Hylanites are depending on short memories to carry this claim through to the voters.

Just to keep the record straight, let's review the history of the Mayor's committee:

The committee did do good work. It did pave the way for the Lockwood committee. But at that time it was under the Chairmanship of Nathan Hirsch.

It did such good work that the newspapers began to refer to it as the Hirsch committee.

It became evident that the Mayor was annoyed by the growing popularity of Mr. Hirsch. Mr. Hirsch loomed as a rival in the popular affection. So the Mayor withdrew the appropriation he had promised and Mr. Hirsch quit in disgust.

Since that time the Mayor's committee has continued to exist. And that is about all that can be said for it.

Last night's zeroes were only winter warning to its work.

GENUINE EQUALITY.

THE Livermore bill to give women a chance to serve on county political committees received almost unanimous support in the Assembly.

Democratic Leader Donohue supported the measure, although he objected to the form because it does not require a woman committee member for every man.

That is one of the good features of the bill as passed. Mr. Donohue asks:

"What is going to prevent two men from being elected members of the committee?"

Nothing prevents. Nor is there any prohibition on two women representing a district to the exclusion of the men.

This measure may not result in an even division of party offices. It does something better. It puts women on a fair and square equality with the men in party affairs. That is better than making the new feminine members into what would almost inevitably bear a "Ladies Aid Society" relationship to the present committees of men.

"FLOSSIES."

DR. ROBERT E. VINSON, President of the University of Texas, has pinned a new label on college butterflies.

"Flossies," as he calls them, are trouble-makers. They give legislators a wrong impression of the institution. They study not; neither do they work; they mix joy-riding and pony-riding, and Solomon in all his glory never sported the Klasy Knt Kollege Klothes that distinguish the type.

"Flossies" is a good label. It applies to both sexes and, as nearly as we can make out, it covers the purely feminine "flapper" and the almost masculine "cake-eater" as they are found in college circles.

"Flossies" do not belong in State universities.

Taxpayers ought not to be expected to pay for the application of the social "polish" which is the reason for attendance by the "flossies."

Dr. Vinson appealed to the women for help in meeting the problem of the "flossies." Wouldn't it be better for the Texas University President to depend on his own authority and get rid of the "flossies" by showing them the exit?

OH, FOR BACKBONE!

EVASION, temporization, side-stepping, self-deception are all that can be found in President Harding's finally forthcoming statement on the proposed soldiers' bonus.

The President admits it is not feasible to raise the money for a bonus by issuing either short-time Treasury notes or long-time bonds. He timidly suggests that "it would be a prudent plan to await developments" and that a postponement of the bonus would show "no lack of regard for the service men." He hints at the difficulty of providing any present bonus without any "such injury to the country as will nullify the benefits to the ex-service men themselves which this expression of gratitude is designed to bestow."

But if a bonus must be, and be now, the President professes to believe:

"The American people will accept the levy of a general sales tax to meet the proposed bonus payments, and we should contribute thereby no added difficulties to the problems of readjustment."

If the President thinks clinging to that belief will get him out of the mess, he is deceiving no one but himself.

A sales tax in place of other existing taxes, a sales tax without the prospect of an upward tariff revision that will raise commodity prices, a sales tax that did not present itself as a new tax superimposed upon other taxes might be a different matter.

But a present sales tax plus the pyramided prices that profiteers would build on it could only pile additional burdens upon classes of consumers who can least stand more burdens.

It would do exactly what the President tries to make himself think it would not do. It would "commit the Government to class imposition of taxes." And the class that would suffer most is the class to which most of the soldiers and their families belong.

Secretary Mellon was more honest with himself. He said: Find some broad class of commodity on which reasonable taxes would not be too great a burden.

Such a class of commodity is ready to hand in the shape of legalized light wines and beer.

But neither Secretary Mellon nor President Harding dared brave the anger of the Anti-Saloon League by making this straightforward suggestion.

The President has not the courage to say boldly and firmly that the country cannot and should not pay a soldier bonus at this time.

So he flops back on the sales tax when even Congress has fought shy of and which would put the heaviest part of the bonus load on those nearest to the soldier and on the soldier himself.

Oh, for backbone where the country needs it most just now—between the kindly, comely shoulders of its Chief Executive!

The newspaper profession in this country has lost an efficient, valued member in the death of Frank Cornelius Drake, for the past ten years general art director of The World. Mr. Drake was born in this State. He did most of his work on newspapers in this city. He will be missed by a wide circle of newspaper workers and newspaper readers, as well as by his associates on The World.

ACHES AND PAINS

A Disjointed Column by John Keetz.

Jingle, single, sleigh bells ring!
In two weeks more it will be spring!

At Times Square the Rotarians have a big sign to the effect that Prosperity is just around the corner. There are five corners in the vicinage. Why don't they tell us which one is hiding Prosperity and save so much walking?

The Anaconda has swallowed the American Brass Company. Aes triplex!

Why doesn't Will Hays film the Harding Administration? It would be a great stunt to see it in motion.

SAVE THE CITY.

A Tale of Hizoner and the Interests.
(Continued.)

CHAPTER IV.

"But, no, I will not despair. The game is not yet up. Never shall it be said that Red Mike was daunted by a smell."

Nerved by this heroic resolve he braced himself for the worst. Light footfalls were heard; his eyes brightened; his hopes rose. A familiar form came through the gloom.

David Hirschfeld had come!

(To Be Continued.)

They Grow Well Together

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By John Cassel



From Evening World Readers

What kind of letter do you find most readable? Isn't it the one that gives the worth of a thousand words in a couple of hundred? These are fine mental exercises and a lot of satisfaction in trying to say much in few words. Take time to be brief.

Common Sense and Politics.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

To be or not to be, that is the question.

To drink or not to drink, that is the farce.

To tax or not to tax, that is the issue.

People are overburdened with taxes. And as if there is not enough burden to the people, legislators in order to obtain a certain number of votes will sanction new taxes to pay the bonus.

What is public opinion? Is it mockery? The politicians have taken hold of the Government and the people are not considered at all.

Lincoln's words are not any more axiomatic. Politicians can fool "all the people all the time."

Temperance is a great thing, but it must be brought about by moral uplifting, by persuasion, not by restriction.

Prohibition has made hypocrites and bootleggers.

Prohibition has killed many who have been poisoned by drinking wood alcohol.

Prohibition has not eradicated drunkenness.

Prohibition has robbed the Government of more than \$1,000,000,000 revenue, and has laid that burden on poor people, many of whom do not drink.

It has been proved that people who like to drink pay even \$15 for a bottle of whiskey. Why not tax free liquor sales with \$10 a bottle of whiskey and thus get a revenue of \$10,000,000,000, thus taking off the people of the United States that heavy burden of taxes.

It is a question of common sense, but common sense has no place in politics.

Let us be frank and let hypocrites cry themselves hoarse against these ideas, but free-thinking people go to the polls and get legislators of common sense and no politicians.

ONE WHO DOES NOT DRINK.

Nearly Desperate.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Mr. Henry Schaffner's letter in your issue of last Thursday touches a very sore spot in our present economic system. I am thirty-eight years old and out of work since last August. No matter what I try, there is no possibility of my securing a position.

To make matters desperate, I have spent many hundreds of dollars on self-improvement, relying upon the idle claim of employers that the man of ability is the one who is in constant demand. I wish I had the money that I invested in learning. Long ago I realized that the age of the book-keeper was past, and was taking special courses I thought I was safeguarding myself against the miseries of old age. To-day I am a full-fledged accountant, ready to sit for examination.

I have finished courses in law, economics, business correspondence and journalism. To what purpose? These things cannot be studied in a few years, and by the time one has equipped himself to the extent that he should be useful to the business world, he finds that he is too old to be of any use. The other day I offered myself for a \$25 a week position. Imagine the would-be employer asking me to start for \$20 per week. The treatment accorded the brainworker is sufficient excuse for the existence of labor unions, regardless of the excesses committed by them. Too bad that brainworkers have never had enough brains to organize themselves and be in position to also dictate their wages.

Every possible attention is given to the needs of the man in overalls, but the fellow who has nothing but gray matter to serve him is never considered at all.

One serious trouble is that the average employer never had any education worth mentioning. He has learned to a greater or lesser degree some branch of the art of barter, and in dealing with economic entities, such as his employees and their families he follows the same primitive methods. In his want of ideas for services and ability that require twenty years to accumulate, and expects to find a twenty-year-old boy possessed of all his requirements.

Moreover, he feels that \$20 or \$25 a week is all that such services are worth.

W. J. S.

Gains 100 Per Cent.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

"A" says that if he buys a certain article for \$2 and sells it for \$4 he realizes a gain of 50 per cent.

"B" says that if he bought the same article and sold it for the same price he would realize a gain of 100 per cent.

A. J.

The Secret is Out.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

It is a peculiar thing how our up-State Senators can be so cold-blooded. Heretofore when "Yunkers Bill" Anderson proposed a bill they fattered "the little dear" without a protest, but now that "Bill's Triplets" are to be unloaded on them they throw up their hands and refuse even to adopt them.

The reason is simple. Mr. Up-State Senator is getting all he wants the way things are going now, and at the same time he can play "house" with the Anti-Saloon League. But if "Bill's Triplets" were put over their heads and their autos would be subjected to search and something might be found that would hold their spending in check and diminish the amount as well as the A. S. L.

They believe not more in "Triplets" as "Bill's" next play might be a foursome.

CITY CHAP.

UNCOMMON SENSE

By John Blake

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EVERY DAY IS A SCHOOL DAY.

You will never gain any knowledge unless you have the thirst for it.

Wordsworth's verse about the primrose by the river's brim is a whole volume on education if you stop to think it over.

You may be interested in the things you see, but you will never really learn anything about them by merely looking at them.

You stop, no matter in how much of a hurry you are, to watch a fire engine rush past.

But the spectacle does not tell you where the fire is, or how it happened, or how the gasoline in the motor is converted into energy that pumps the water which puts out the fire.

The world around you is a school in continuous session. You can be one of the pupils if you want to be.

Or you can gain as little from it as the janitor who sweeps out the college class room learns of the lectures that are delivered there.

You learn what you do learn because there are some things that insist on being learned.

The child, for example, learns not to pick up live coals, because the live coals teach that lesson in a very painful and unforgettable fashion.

You, as an adult, learn that it doesn't pay to be discourteous; that if you loaf on your job you will be discharged, and that if you don't save a little out of your pay envelope you are likely to be hungry before long.

But nature is not so insistent upon the teaching of all her important lessons.

You will have to meet her half way if you are to store in your brain the knowledge that will fit you to rise above the general average.

You will have to develop a thirst to find out about things—how they are made, what is their relation to other things, how a knowledge of them will help you to progress.

There are plenty of instructors in life, labelled and unlabelled. If you want information you can get it by giving the pursuit of knowledge your attention. It will not be easy. But the man or woman who wants to live easily will accomplish nothing, not even the ability to live without work.

From the Wise

Good humor may be said to be one of the very best articles of dress one can wear in society.

—Thackeray.

A doctor is a man who writes prescriptions till the patient either dies or is cured by nature.

—John Taylor.

Though a day may pass without profit, yet is it reckoned a part of one's life. —A. Macmillan.

Go slowly to the entertainment of the friends, but quickly to their restoration. —Chilo.

A good dinner's sharpens wit, while it softens the heart. —Doran.

WHERE DID YOU GET THAT WORD?

141.—PERPLEX

Like many other words adopted into the English language, the word "perplex" is a great traveller. It journeyed all the way from Rome through Gaul and thence (probably in the suite of William the Conqueror) to England. The Pilgrim Fathers brought it to America.

Its original ancestors are the Latin words "per" (completely, all through) and "plexus" (past participle of "plere," to plait or braid).

The original meaning of the Latin "perplexus" was the immediate ancestor of "perplex," was entangled, or interwoven.

Liberators

—OF—

Ireland

By Bartlett Draper

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XIII.—THE LAST OF THE IRISHMEN WHO WERE HANGED IN ENGLAND.

The report of the Royal Commission on the Rebellion in Ireland on the events that had culminated in the Easter uprising of 1916 is a diagnosis without a prescription. It reflected the conviction of the bureaucratic mind in and out of Dublin Castle that the way to deal with discontent is to put it down by force.

Addressing his judges in the shadow of the scaffold, Roger Casement, one of the most striking figures in the rebellion, sharply brought out the chasm that separated England and Ireland when he said:

"Loyalty is a sentiment, not a law. It rests on love, not on restraint. The Government of Ireland by England rests on restraint, and not on law; and since it demands no love, it can evoke no loyalty."

In discussing the armament of Ulster in its efforts to block Home Rule in 1914, a historian of the rebellion has pointed out that rifles "were imported from Hamburg and landed in Larne; and by means of a perfectly co-ordinated and admirable piece of organization, distributed over Ulster in twenty-four hours."

Casement's justification of his conduct in pursuing a similar course for the defense of Ireland is contained in his statement before his judges that he was not "adhering to the King's enemies" but "adhering to his own people."

It is easy to understand the British point of view in the circumstances. A British subject had been captured with arms in his hands—the arms of an enemy, arms directed against the British Empire. In time of war technicalities are brushed aside by the urgencies of the instinct to survive.

Roger Casement—who had served Britain and humanity with distinction in the past, and had been dubbed a knight for such services as the Putnam investigation—died as a traitor under the provisions of an English statute more than five centuries old. But he was politically canonized by the treaty of 1921. And the act of canonization was recorded under the same seal that had decreed his execution as a traitor.

It is possible to deprecate Casement's conduct—although there is evidence that he was hastening to Ireland on an errand of restraint and not of provocation—as the adventure of a zealot lacking in judgment. But he performed a valuable service to both Ireland and the British Empire at the cost of his life.

He demonstrated that loyalty "rests on love, not on restraint."

The name of Roger Casement stands at the foot of the long list of Irishmen who were hanged in England for failing to bridge the gulf of misunderstanding that had yawed for centuries between two neighboring peoples. His death on the scaffold helped to bridge that gulf.

Psychoanalysis

You and Your Mind

By ANDRE TRIDON

NO. XIX.—THINGS WE DO UNCONSCIOUSLY.

Our unconscious takes pretty good care of us. Not only does it warn us of many dangers, but it procures on many occasions the best servant of our pleasures. One year ago I was invited for dinner at a house where conventionalities are observed rather painfully. Good people, with all sorts of virtues, but sedate, to say the least.

I entered the dinner date in my engagement book. One night as I came home from the theatre I found several messages from that family. I called them up and, with a worried expression, they asked me why my wife and I had failed to return an answer. Although I had copied the date from their letter, which I found afterward, I had managed to enter it on my engagement pad for the next day. I really never cared to accept that invitation and should not have accepted it.

If I had manufactured on the spot a "previous engagement" I would not have had to make such an annoying "unconscious" mistake. For it really was a mistake, not merely a rude procedure, on my part.

On the other hand, not very long ago I made just the opposite sort of a mistake. There was to be a birthday celebration at another house. The host and hostess were young and lively, their friends charming, and from a former experience I had derived the greatest respect for their midnight suppers.

When my wife and I alighted from our taxicab we noticed that every window was dark. We rang the bell and were politely informed by a heartbroken butler that his masters must have made a mistake. "Isn't this Mr. So-and-So's birthday?" I finally asked. "Sorry, sir, it is tomorrow." In my eagerness to attend the party I had entered it in my date book twenty-four hours too early.

Hardly ever take coffee and endeavor to break all my patients of the coffee-drinking habit. One evening I did something which in any one else I would have considered very idiotic. I ordered a cup of thick French coffee. When the waiter poured it out of the complicated dripper I noticed with a certain annoyance and a sheepish feeling that the liquid was terribly black and poisonous looking. He set the cup in front of me; I sweetened the coffee and then, suddenly, with an unexpected gesture, spilled it on the table.

A mere accident, I know, but an accident prompted by my unconscious, which was taking care of me better than my conscious mind. I did not order another cup.

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